

Minister

But, King, the evil that has
been
slowly growing for long, you
cannot
uproot in a day.

Vikram

Strike at its root with
vigour, and
fell it with your axe in a day,
—the
tree that has taken a
hundred years
to grow,

Minister

But we want arms and
soldiers,

Vikram

Where is my general ?

Minister

He himself is a foreigner:

Vikram

Then invite the hungry
people^
Open my treasure ; stop this
cry with